

Bonny Peggy's GARLAND; 19

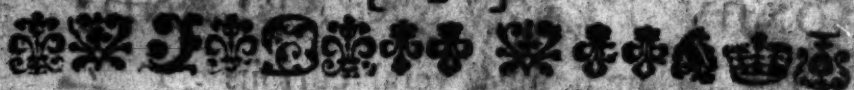
Containing several curious

New Songs.

- I. *Aminta's Complaint to his pretty Peggy.*
- II. *Peggy's Answer to Aminta's Complaint.*
- III. *The Charms of lovely Peggy.*
- IV. *The Woman's Lamentation for her Sweet-heart going to the Wars.*
- V. *The Maid's Reproach of her unkind Sweet-heart.*



Licensed and enter'd according to Order



Bonny Peggy's GARLAND, &c.

Aminta's Complaint to his pretty Peggy.

HEAR me ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
I'll tell you how *Peggy* grieves me,
Tho' thus I languish and Complain,
Alas! she ne'er relieves me:

My Vows and Sighs like silent Air,
Unheeded never move her,
At the Bonny Bush aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That Day she smil'd she made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest Lad,
So Swiftly there to find her:
I strove to sooth my am'rous Flame
With Words that I thought tender,
If more there past, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

But scornfully she fled the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented,
When e'er we met, she shew'd Disdain,
She look'd as ne'er acquainted:

The bonny Bush blooms fair in *May*,
Smell'd sweet I well remember;

But



But her sad Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Powers that hear my Strains,
Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner of my Pains,
Or let her smiles relieve me;
If that her Love won't turn to me,
My Passion no more tender,
I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely Woods I'll wander.

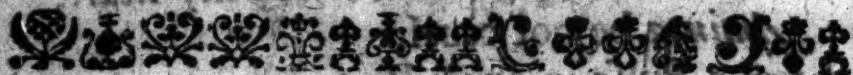
Peggy's Answer to Aminta's Complaint.

A MINTA stay, my lovely swain,
And do not go and leave me,
Come back, I'll ease thee of thy Pain,
Thy *Peggy* will relieve thee;
For thou'rt the Lad that's won my heart,
Aminta be not cruel,
I feel a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
Stay, stay, my dearest Jewel.

When at *Traquair* we first did meet,
A sudden Joy did seize me;
Each Kiss you gave it seem'd so sweet,
Each Word you spoke did please me;
My Heart you stole from me away,
You were so gay and pretty,
You wou'd — but that I said you *Nay*,
Which made me for to pity

You

Your Indiferetion, when you strove,
 And gave me melting Kisses,
 You went beyond the Bounds of Love,
 lusted of kind Carelles:
 You made me Frown, my lovely Swain,
 Which caused Grief and Anguish
 And seemingly I you disdain'd,
 Which made me sigh and languish.
 No Maid alive can love you more,
 Nor none you'll find so loyal;
 Don't blame the Nymph who does adore,
 Though she has made a Tryal
 Come back and be with Pleasure crown'd,
 let's live like to the Turtle,
 The Birds our Praises shall resound,
 Whilst we're under the Myrtle.



The Charms of lovely Peggy.

ONCE more I'll tune the Vocal Shell,
 To Hills and Dales my Passion tell,
 A Flame which Time can never quell,
 Which burns for thee my *Peggy*:
 Yet greater Bards the Lyre should hit,
 For say what Subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling Wit,
 And Bloom of lovely *Peggy*.

The sun first rising in the Morn,
That paints the dewy spangling Thorn,
Does not so much the Day adorn,
And does my lovely Peggy
And when in *Thetis* Lap to rest
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West,
He's not so beautiful as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy.
When *Zephyrs* on the Vilets blows,
Or breathes upon the Damask Rose,
They do not half the sweets disclose,
As does my lovely Peggy:
I stole a Kiss the other Day,
And trust me nought but Truth I say,
The fragrant Breath of blooming *May*,
Is not so sweet as Peggy.
Were she array'd in Rustick Weed,
With her the bleating Flocks I'd feed,
And Pipe upon my Oaten Reed,
To please my lovely Peggy:
With her a Cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my Sight,
And when she's gone 'tis endless Night,
All's dark without my Peggy.
While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r shall rove
And Linnets warble thro' the Grove,
Or stately Swans the water love,
So long shall I love my Peggy.

And

And when Death with his pointed Dart,
Shall strike the Blow that breaks my Heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu! my lovely Peggy.



*The Woman's Lamentation for her Sweet-
heart's going to the Wars.*

EArly one Summers Morning,
As I Abroad did walk,
I heard two loyal Lovers,
Most sweetly for to talk:
Says the Lad unto the Lass,
Bonny Love I must away;
The King commands me a Soldier to be,
So lovely Lass I dare not stay.

What will you go and leave me,
Must I not be your sweet Wife?
For seven long Years I have loved you,
As dear as my Life:
O can you me forsake,
And no Pity take on this my Woe;
Thro' Scotland, France, and Ireland,
Along with you I'll go.

What will you go along with me,
My sweet-heart and Delight, My

My Steps they are so stubborn,
 They'll hurt your tender Feet;
 Can you lie in open Battle Field,
 Where is neither City, house, or Shield,
 Tarry with your Friends at home,
 They'll be angry when you're gone.

As for my Friends I care not,
 Nor my Foes I do not fear;
 For I will go along with you,
 My Joy and only Dear:
 My Friends shall not stay me,
 Gold shall not sway me, for I will go
 Along with a valiant Soldier,
 To fight his daring Foe.

Since you are so willing
 To venture your sweet Life;
 If you go along with me,
 I will make thee my Wife:
 I will attend on thee,
 None shall offend thee thou shalt see;
 How sweetly the Drums and Trumpets,
 My dear, shall sound for thee.

Now this Couple were married,
 With Joy and great Content,
 She has left her dear Parents
 In Tears for to lament:
 I care not for my Friends,
 Nor for my Foes, I declare,

For I will go with a valiant Soldier,
My Joy and only Dear.

The Maid's Reproach of her unkind Sweet-heart.

O NE summers morning as the Sun was rising,
I heard a fair Maid softly sing,
Come kind Cupid, pray be my friend me,
Send my poor yielding, my poor yielding
Heart unto my Breast again.

Witness those Groves and shady Bowers,
Witness the kind Vows you made
False Pretender, pray remember,
How my poor Heart, my poor Heart
You first betray'd.

'Tis young Virgins Folly, young Mens Glory,
Taking delight to increase our Pain;
Telling ten thousand Lies and Stories,
Love is all Fancy, is all a Fancy,
Sweet Pleasure mix'd with tormenting Pain

Sure young Men are the worst of Creatures,
How can you like to be so untrue;
To love an Hour; and turn a Woman-hater
Always changing, roving, ranging,
Seeking Beauty that is new.

How can you slight a Heart that loves you,
Perjur'd young Man pray tell me why,
Your false doing has been my Ruin,
Now for a false, for a false

Young Man I die



F I N I S.